

# Bard

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# Bard

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Could there be one left  
among the apples  
a wounding a girlish twitter  
in apple leaves and then

so long after the wound opens  
the way the bitten  
applewhite turns ruddy brown.

23 April 2008

= = = = =

*for Leslie*

I was there in that dry room  
the cloth you must know  
I was a child for a child  
nothing is worse than cloth is  
or clothing is a thing you touch  
a thing that touches you  
all over a thing you can't eat  
how terrible it is a thing you can't eat  
I listened to those horrible birds  
they thought they were ladies  
sewing and discussing discussing  
is to language as cloth  
is to skin

nothing to eat  
nothing to eat

a child  
is starving all day long  
an adult forgets I don't forget  
there is something the matter with me  
I forgot to forget  
what every child knows  
adults are terrible  
their minds are like cloth  
their voices like tearing cloth  
they never feed you  
their words stick to your skin  
they always say something about  
why you should never want what you want  
as if they had forgotten all about wanting  
and hated you because you could still want  
and they have a word they call enough  
and they say it over and over  
they are the people who invented enough  
their terrible landscape  
women sewing scraps of cloth to the sky.

23 April 2008

= = = = =

Bruised links  
between men  
the tendons  
stretcht  
          to deal  
delight  
he can remember  
an upper lip  
a millennium and then  
long after Lorca's  
donkey plodded  
along a moonlit road  
over the mountain

he sees that face again  
a woman now not a boy  
a dancer not a Talmudist  
when we were atheists together  
and all our fear was personal.  
But now. The curve  
is as eloquent as the voice  
is quiet as the thigh  
presses on the donkey's flank  
and the night is torn to pieces.

*Resemblance is unforgivable*  
he decides: *close my eyes.*

24 April 2008

= = = = =

But it should be the star  
my father said  
or a bird cry – white  
throated sparrow you think –  
off in the scant-leaved  
April saplings of  
tomorrow's trees.

You are here for a minute  
only, like a star  
poised between nullities,  
lasting as long as your breath.

For air is all  
and who has air  
has air to burn  
on speech to sass.  
Whereas a line  
goes nowhere.  
A hand even  
soon lets go.  
But a star  
can last a whole minute  
from a world to a world  
while you, figlio mio,  
are still inhaling  
the scent of lilies in the dining room.

24 April 2008

## THE CLEANSING

Ghost persons from brain  
levigate. Then lixivate.  
Lye. Scour keel of, off.  
Cleanse. What the priest  
must do when sees  
shadow of ghost in wall.  
Say: You wall are sick.  
This shade peel off.  
How. There is a juice  
that licks the mind.  
Dry it, merely mine,  
and bitter. The shadow  
spills into his hands  
he wipes his hands  
on live dog, dog  
goes. Priest hand  
clean. No hurt  
on dog, a dog  
is a smile at a ghost  
and a ghost goes  
out of the wall.  
One by one this way  
eliminate persons too  
long remembered.  
Sparrow shadows  
do not vex the operation.  
Operate means pay  
attention. Let noise come.  
The white sun goes down.  
Person from brain  
is gone. Name of same  
in wax letters let  
then melt in sun only  
later, when the yellow  
one comes up.  
Use no heat and no cold.  
The day don't give.  
Then be ready new.  
A ghost is anyone  
who died in you.

*Commentary: Blagman Jospeth said Water. Blagman Maru said No. Consulted stones. Stones said: special water: dew on limestone only, dawn. Blagman Petru said Sometimes the dog dies. B.Jospeth: Not often. B.Maru said accidents aver eternal laws. Blagman Susu disagreed. True, true, three others said. The stones hurry. Rid the mind.*

\*\*\*

I don't want to be the person who knew that person. I want no trace of that knowing to know me anymore. None. That is what a wall means, when it is clean. Clean and no door, not even a window. I saw in Philadelphia once a wall like that, tall, broad, the sky on top of it and itself the color of honey, the color of sun.

25 April 2008

## A N T H E M

Time to look around my grass  
kingdom most accurate empty  
signifiers penguins on the lawn as if  
some truer spokesmen of eternal lust

I ask you delphine and curmudgeonly at twice  
the speed of aftermath declining yellow nouns  
across herbaceous frontiers when I look at you  
I think about camels and goats and milk

what do you think of when I stumble  
is everything a translation everything but the bird  
or it too is yanked from español  
by some Urquhart or from sketchy Greek

built like a seed and easy swallow?  
We pass things through ourselves I think  
because the morrow's melted on the midnight  
and mostly we forget. When water stands

and there the robins are again endless proving  
their pleasing demonstration of ipseity  
I mumble along beneath moaning I am I am  
in all the several dialects of skin

fall down fall down and let me know thee.

26 April 2008



= = = = =

Once I could have wanted.  
Hunt. Once a fish or flower  
old house. Wake  
every a.m. in a different room.

*Mise*, I think it means myself  
and only after me. The lorn  
of else. The sylph of breathe.  
Can I smell my breath,

can I mouth mine yours?  
It is so far to come another.  
But try, I. There there  
I tell me that way where

you see the people moving  
I don't move or I don't see.  
Am to be enough or less  
and still wobble the wall. Am.

At the stroke of noon the trumpeter falls down.

27 April 2008

= = = =

Updates and long coats  
I intrude on a child's world  
every time I look in the mirror.

27 IV 08

## HAMLET

Resistance to closure makes a very long play. Why should we stop the play, stop playing, just because Hamlet and Ophelia and Claudius and Polonius are dead? The Ghost is still alive. What motivated them now motivates us. Revenge, like love, is infinite in its capacity to feed upon itself.

So let us have Act Six. There is no single, all-guilty villain. We are all guilty, and as long as we're still here (loving and vengeful and deluded and compliant), the play must go on.

I have been writing speeches for Acts XXXVII through XXXIX all my life, just me, and the Ghost on the deck at night tells me Not enough, almost enough but not enough – that girl over there, put words in her mouth, she looks like someone who has ill-thoughts about the king. And if there is no king and there is no queen, there is always somebody bossing you and everybody else around – if only me. Yes, Sire, I say, and so to work.

27 April 2008

= = = = =

Always bring yourself to the front of the room  
the front is where all the sunbeams are  
and the most interesting dust, the front  
is near the Bright Wall, and the Lady  
stands there in her stupid clothes  
and tells. And you can tell  
if she believes what she tells, you're close  
enough to see her lips, to see her skin breathe,  
the skin never lies, or if it does  
you don't know that yet, never learn it, let  
the truth feel just like the truth.  
Always bring yourself to where you can tell  
what they're telling you,  
what kind of a room has no front  
has no you in it either,  
what kind of a wall has no room  
you should be close to.  
Touch such walls. Press  
against them till you pass through  
or see over. Don't worry  
about the Lady, the room tells you all  
you need to know. Or the wall.  
A room is like a person with no clothes.

28 April 2008

## MORALS

Be reconciled  
with nearer angels.  
Radicals.  
People you don't want  
to think about  
ever again. Or today.  
Categories. Frilly dresses  
hanging off hooks.  
Empty chairs  
around a dance.  
The hardest thing to spot  
is what doesn't move.  
An animal  
safe in the center of itself.  
Virtue. To speak  
more than you know  
is the only generosity.  
Birdcry otherwise.  
Hawk scream keen  
as the beak be.  
Reconciled. Enemy  
is your friend  
enough. Inkspots  
from the old days  
still singing  
in the pink hotel.

28 April 2008

= = = = =

The cast of turn again  
deserves our ardor.  
The steel of her countenance  
reminds the moon.

To do something.  
The rest follows logically  
like a fork or a pyramid—  
always something to discuss,  
relationship with the inside.

For we are interior people  
and our bright skin a brief parade—  
then back home to the other  
side of seeing – all this  
loveliness a roiling river you must pass.

Yes, you. This is a sermon,  
a sweater, a bicycle wheel—  
name it and its yours,  
I am the tribune of desires  
and I summon what is yours.

You never told me where your breath  
goes when you breathe in.  
Maybe you never followed it all the way in.  
If not, you'll have only boring stories to recite.  
The only place of utter newness is deep inside  
where no one has a clue and everything is true.

So carry me with you on the narrow gauge—  
explain everything you see and feel and need,  
you're safe with me, I'm blind and dumb.

29 April 2008

## SONNET OF DESPAIR

That there could be something there  
after all, specifically after all  
the music was finished and the Russians  
had gone back to the café and the farmers  
among them counted up their earnings  
with stubby pencils on napkins  
and how easily a list of rutabagas, beets,  
purple topped turnips turns into poetry  
and they smile and drink and beat  
their fists on the table and soon begin  
sobbing at the beauty of things, just  
sheer dirty ordinary shiny things  
that make us sob too they are so close  
so close to us and we will never touch.

29 April 2008

## LIBERATION

Liberation lacerates what  
she asked. Or do things the other said  
with other things and call them  
by someone's name. Do me.  
The evening had grown asthmatic  
as we spoke, the ashtrays  
looked like little dungeons, no one smoked.  
In South America there's a lot of this  
I said, trying to be obliging. One  
coughed, the other turned on a curious  
device they have in that country,  
a TV without any picture, it turns  
language into instrumental music far away,  
ocarinas and claves. Nothing gets  
in the way of feeling then. The wall  
was covered with Europe in the old days.  
I have been in some of those places  
too, I thought, but where am I now?

30 April 2008



= = = = =

I am always having a conversation  
with someone different all the time  
but the difference is always the same.  
So language is possible among us  
likes sunrays and clothing and toads.

30 April 2008

= = = = =

What is someone far apart?  
An if. She is listening to me  
as I am listened and

would that be language  
that she is I am?  
Walk along music into the woods.

The trees are just punctuation—  
do you understand of what?

30 April 2008  
Olin

= = = = =

To be in your body  
is to be at the center of an immense architecture.  
No one sees you and no one sees it  
until you say what you see.  
Your arms reach to the horizon your head is the top of the sky  
and the center of the earth is at your feet.  
Every move you make  
creates a basilica.  
You are the god. You give it to the world.

30 April 2008